killed you."

# A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE GANDALL PARRISH LLUSTRATIONS GAC DIRHODES

A.C. MS CLURE LO

### SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyait is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar. He meets a mountainer hard Jem Taylor. At a house beyond Hot Springs they meet Major Harwood Taylor murders Harwood and escapes Wyatt changes to U.S. uniform, escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood. He introduces himself as Lieuteman Raymond. Parson Notchels comes to the house and Wyait forces him to confess that he has been sent in advance of Ansa Cowan, who proposes to marry Norcen at once, and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Norcen's dead father. Ansa Cowan and Norcen's dead father. Ansa Cowan and Norcen's dead father. Ansa Cowan and Norcen's dead father, and cowan and his gang arrive. Wyait tells Norcen who he is. They force the preather to silence, Unable to escape while the sang is on the first floor and around the house. Wyait proposes to marry Norcen and protect her from Cowan. She accepts and Wyait forces the preather to marry them. Cowen's sing is driven aff by Federal treons, one of whose officers is the real Lieuteman Raymond. Wyait is trapped, though Norcen's attempts to defend him. Wyait is taken to Lewisburg for trial as a say. The camp commandant, and Captain Fox visit Wyait in his cell in the courthouse basement. He refuses clemency in return for information, and uses his bowhood's knowledge of the building to escape to the asterner. He refuses clemency in return for information, and uses his bowhood's knowledge of the building to escape to the asterners. He surprises Raymond and the esamp commandant, holds them un, and with the assistance of Norcen, gets out of the courthouse Norcen decides to accompany him to his flight. They obtain horses and escape from Lewisburg him in his flight. They obtain horses and escape from Lowisburg

### CHAPTER XXI.

### The Fight in the Cabin.

Benton's cabin had been burned six behind months ago. Noreen told me, and the old man was believed to be dead. Few others ever used this cut-off, or had weeds had quickly taken possession | 1 was obliged to feel for the worn trail. as it wound here and there along the most in my footsteps, as noiseless as slope of the bill, and then finally down a fawn, her skirts held close about her a shallow depression toward the river bank. The horses stepped cautiously, pressed closely together in the narrow rut, and the only noise was the occasional stumble of a hoof. Thus we came down to the shore. My memory

of the spot was hazy and uncertain. "Have you ever crossed here?" I asked doubtfully. "I scarcely remember where the ford lies."

"Yes." she replied, leaning forward, "with my father a year ago." "We'll ride together, but keep your

feet free in the stirrups." "I am not in the least frightened.

out her hand. "You'll not find me a bad soldier." "I am certain of that-not if you

Her hand was in mine, and was not withdrawn.

voice. "I am not a girl at all any more, but I keep something of the of any sleep. I napped in my cell happened. I recken he'll bout cut yer same spirit. I hope.

I have never understood what spell there was about her to keep me silent. I had never before lacked audacity, yet I dare not speak the words that were on my lips. The thought had taken firm possession of my mind that and a place for you to lie down" she was the victim of circumstances;



A Big Fellow With Ragged, Untrimmed Hair and Scraggly Beard.

that she accompanied me merely to escape from threatened danger. I "you here?" knew I loved her; the touch of her and my heart throbbed to the memory fare not permit ber to even guess the ruth, for I felt that she regretted the play. weakness of that moment and would resent the slightest reference to it.

no reply, and we rode down the steep nuthin' ter fight fer, hav' we? How bank. The sullen sweep of the water, ther Sam Hill did yer ever git yere?" out of the darkness above, into the darkness below, and the brooding stand just where you are. I am not effence, lay hold on my nerves. We sure whether you know me or not: drew in under the shadows of the but I know you. Ned Cowan-I know wooded bank, pushed our way through what you did at Hot Springs, and how to the top of the rise, came suddenly you took me along so as to make othto an open space, where a dozen acres ers believe I was guilty-" had been cleared, and rode out boldly across the open field to the Hot a fair fight."

Springs pike, clearly visible beneath

the soft gleam of the stars. I know not how long we rode, or with no one, heard no noise except the denly to mine, smiled.

"You are worn out," I said. I have been two days and nights with five thousand it wouldn't make out sleep. if I could only rest for an great difference the way the guard is

"You shall-all day long. We will find a place in which to hide down there in the valley."

The road led winding down between rocky banks into a narrow valley, hemmed in by great hills, and watered by a small stream. As we paused to let the thirsty animals drink, the increasing daylight gave me glimpse of a bridle path skirting the edge of the stream along the west bank. The path turned sharply to the right, and as we mounted to the slightly higher ground we could see the cabin perched on a little knoll, against the black hill

Surely nothing about the shanty, or its immediate surroundings, indicated present occupancy. Yet when I finally occasion to pass this way, and the advanced it was with caution, and a strange sense of expectation. Noreen followed closely behind, treading allimbs. At the edge of the woods she stood motionless as I went crouching forward. The cabin was not described. in spite of its desolate outward appearance. Opposite me was an open fireplace, an iron kettle sitting in the ashes, while a short-barreled rifle stood unright in a corner. On one of the stools lay a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of ragged corqueov trousers hung on a wooden peg beside the unbarred door. I motioned to her to join me. In spite of the lines of weari- the Green Briar. Yer never saw noness in her face the light of the dawn | body, did yer, gittin' out yere?" revealed a beauty that caused my Don't worry about me," and she held heart to throb. Her eyes silently questioned me, and I explained quickly protected." what discovery I had made.

"But the man may return," she said are still the same girl I played with," doubtfully.

has disappeared for the day. If he fer ter raid the shebang just before "I-hardly think I am," she an is hiding out he may not dare to re daylight." He laughed again mirthswered soberly, a little catch in her main here in daylight. Anyway you lessly. "By God, but Anse will be can rest safely, for I am not in need some mad when he finds out what has yesterday and just a short doze will heart out." serve me. Hut you are terribly tired-It is in your eyes.

somewhere."

"Then come we'll find a bits to eat

I opened the door noiselessly, although I took no special precaution. and held it wide, while she stepped across the threshold, and stood looking opriously about. Then I closed it behind us, and we were in a sort of twilight, amid which objects appeared der toward the door. Perhaps she rather indistinct.

must be over yonder. I hope he keeps wheeled partly around, my eyes for

no other thought than that of explor | 1 sensed the spring, even as Norsen's ing the larder, when she gave vent to cry of warning broke the silence, but a startled cry, and I stopped suddenly. not in time to escape the grip of the sweeping my eyes about to learn the old man's fron fingers. His body cause of alarm. The ragged quilt was crashed against me with such force on the floor, and a man leaped across the room and grasped the rife in the closed like a vise on my throat, the corner. I saw the swift movement. realized the purpose, yet had scarcely volver, crushing my fingers lifeless. I time to draw a revolver from the belt, struck the edge of the table, strugbefore he had hand on the weapon. gling vainly to keep my feet. It went and whirled savagely about, facing us over with a crash, bearing us both For the instant the gloom disfigured along, old Ned atop, clutching flercely his face-all I knew was that he was a big fellow, with ragged, untrimmed hair and a scracely beard. I stepped forward and flung up my arm.

"Drop it!" I said shortly. "Lift that gun and you're dead!"

to take the chance of my fire; then and the revolver fell from my bethe big fingers relaxed, and the rifle benumbed fingers. fell clattering to the floor. To my surprise, the fellow laughed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he chortled.

He threw back his head, and I rechand sent a wild thrill through me, ognized him-Jem Taylor, old Ned I seemed to lose all knowledge, all Cowan. I drew a quick breath, my that she was actually my wife. But I teeth elenched, my arm steady. This throttling of those hard fingers. Then setts. It presents an astounding vaencounter was going to prove no boy's

"Put down yer popgun, boy, an' take it easy—the blame thing mout go off I released her hand, venturing upon I recken as how we all hav'n't get

"Now wait," I broke in coldly. "You

"Shucks, lad; 'twas no more than

"It was cold-blooded murder, Cow an!" I exclaimed indignantly, "the cul mination of a feud."

"Huh who told yer that?" I stepped aside, but still held him inder the muzzle of my revolver. The change in posture brought the man ince to face with Nereen; I saw him lean forward and gaze at her; then recoil, as though he viewed a ghost. She never moved, never spoke,

buntin after her new-"

He stopped, cursing flercely to him self. His eyes shifted their gaze from the face of the girl to mine. They were narrow cat eyes, cruel and cunning.

"I recken I ain't seen of Harwood " gal afore in maybe five year," he said how far, for my mind had drifted into slowly, "but she has sure growed up a review of the night's adventures, fine. Anse took after marrying her and a plan for the morrow. We met furst jist ter spite Harwood, but since he seed her a while back he's sorter steady pounding of our horse's hoofs, took a notion be wants her hisself A little later the sky to the east be I reckon I don't blame him. Their gan to lighten in the promise of dawn. why he wouldn't wait, but set out ter We climbed a long hill, our horses night. No, I don't recken, young felslowing to the ascent, and by the time ler, it's no particular risk. Yer a sojer we attained the summit the gray light an' don't jest understand how we fight up alone, and the first thing I am revealed our faces. I looked across out yere in the mountings. We just going to do is to bar that door." at her, and her eyes, uplifted sud strike quick, an then git away. "Tala t so much of a trick Anse is a playing at over at Lewisburg. Sure thar's the "1-1 am tired," she confessed. "I- hundred Yanks that; an' if that was



I Ran My Hand Within, Touching the Flesh.

The whol' blame caboodle is camped in the courthouse yard an the only picket is at the main ford o

"No," I admitted, realizing his intimate knowledge. "The camp is poorly

"I recken it is, and Anse knows that just as well as you do. An he knows the gai vere had a room at ther "Of course, although I imagine he hotel. That is where he went, simin

sure git yer; he knows every bridle path 'cross these mountings an' I wouldn't give a continental damn fer no chance you've got for ter git away. He's a tiger cat up a traff, Ansa is-an' besides the blame fool wants the val. He sin't no Cowan if he lets you beat him outer her" He glanced ouickly agrees my shout

moved; perhaps it was all imagina-"Ah." I said, "the fellow's cupboard tion, but I thought I heard a noise, and an instant deserting old Cowan's face. hands. We may find here an expla-I stepped across in front of her, with It was his one chance, and he took it. that I staggered and fell; one hand other gripped the stock of my reto keep his hold, his eves blaging madly down into mine. As we struck I wrenched my hand free and pulled the trigger. The shot seemed to blaze across my own breast, burning like fire, and, the next instant, the man's At first I thought him crazy enough knee crushed my wrist to the floor.

I seem to recall little of what fellowed; only a confused recollection of desperate struggling amid the legs of the overturned table; of oaths, blows. Caribbean world. That part which of eyes glaring revengefully into mine. consciousness, under the merciless larger than the state of Massachusuddenly they relaxed-1 caught a quick, reviving breath, another. Every nerve in me throbbed; I could see again, hear, feel. That was Noreen's ridges covered with forest not unlike face I looked into-ay, and the girl was actually dragging the tellow off me! I took another breath a long one, moving so that the inert body rolled over on its side; then I rose up. supporting myself on one arm, and stared about, sobbing in the first offort to gain control.

"Noreen!" the name choked in my "Yes; it's all right now-Cowan

"Dead! You-you killed him!" "No; it must have been your shot. had no chance; you-you two fought like madmen-then-then he just let go of you, and fell back. I was afraid to come-I thought at first he had

"My shot! why the revolver just went off." I muttered, scarcely comprehending. "See! the builet burned me across the chest, and there is "Good Lord!" he muttered. "Is that blood there. And you say it struck Harwood's girl? Why. Anse's out him? Lord! I never knew. Help me to sit up. Noreen."

> With the aid of her arms I found support against the table. The blue coat I were showed clearly the mark of the bullet, and blood discolored the burned cloth. I ran my band within, touching the flesh. "A mere scratch," I said lightly, "re-

> quiring a little water. Don't cry, Noreen; there is no harm done; I'll be all right in a minute. Are you sure Cowan is dead?"

Yes; he-he hasn't moved since; but-but I didn't kill him."

"Of course no, and I'm glad 1 did. This is part of my trade, and I'll not lose any sleep over it. Ah! I can get

### CHAPTER XXII.

### We Understand Each Other.

Norcen had drawn away from the body of the dead man, and stood against the farther log wall, with face hidden in her hands. Cowan lay at full length, one arm thrown across his eyes. I bent over him, touching his flesh with my fingers. The ball had penetrated his abdomen, and how the cilow ever fought so flercely after receiving his death wound I can never understand. I think that in his madferocity he was scarcely aware that he was burt. I turned him partly over, and drow out from the inside pocket of his blouse a handful of papers concealed there. One was a buff packet, which had been roughly torn openthe one taken from Major Harwood the night of his murder.

The packet contained several official papers, but the principal paper was a carefully prepared list of irregulars operating throughout the mountain country, with names of the betterknown leaders, the estimated strength of each separate gang, the region in which they hid, and the aide they espoused, if any. This had evidently been carefully prepared by some staff officer, undowbiedly Major Harwood timself, as the letter referred to him as having been detailed to such duty. and was full and complete. I found therein this mention of the Cowans: "Father and two sous; probably control fifty or more men, with headquarters near Union in Green Briar mountains; raid indiscriminately; have attacked our forage trains; refuse to co-operate, and continue to terrorize a large section; raided Lewisburg before it was occupied by troops, killing several, and looting the shops is considered the most dangerous gong operating in Green Briar and Monroe counties, reports of atrucities received almost daily, many too hidecase to repeat?

I glanced up at Noreen, and her eyes met mine inquiringly.

le this your father's handwriting?" I asked, holding the paper toward bim "Yes: what is it-important?"

'Not very complimentary to Cowan "Oh, don't yer ever worry none Virginia. I wonder how the old vil- given today saves a sick child tomor-"Yes," she confessed, "I must sleep bout thet, young fellar. Ansa will lain ever learned that such a paper row. was being forwarded

swored thoughtfully. "It may have has full directions for hobies children document to his hands. See, here is a letter that father wrote." and she stooped and picked it up from the floor attering an exclamation of surprise. Why, it-it is addressed to Ned Cowan at Union! What could he rossibly have written this man about \*

"Let me see," and I took it from her nation of the whole affair."

### (TO BE CONTINUEDA Finnish Characteristics.

The Finn thoroughly enjoys bathing and shares with the Japanese the cus tom of both sexes bathing together. Finns predominate in the country north of the Duna, or Dyina river.

Here they are agriculturists. Further north they are Russia's fishermen. trappers and hunters. They catch forty or more kinds of fish in the lake district, the best of which they send to the big markets to the South Their own diet consists almost entirely of fish and coarse bread. mix stale fish with their floor and make a flat cake, to enjoy which the stranger first needs considerable experience and resolution.

# Haiti a Rich Island.

The republic of Haiti occupies about onethird of the island of Paiti. It is one of the richest islands in the composes the republic of Haiti is a land of mountains and valleys, a little riety of climate and vegetation, varying all the way from tropical jungle near the coast to high mountain that of Maine and Canada.

Japs Pay Higher Prices for Food. imported foods, on the average, cost in Japan from 10 to 15 per cent more than before the war. Increases in freight and insurance are chiefly blamed for the rise. Imported butter has risen 20 per cent, and is still mounting, largely due to the fact that the belligerent powers in Europe tave prohibited the export of butter.



mistake he fixes things so that anoth clerks

# A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating. harsh physic into a sick child.

Reek back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on castor oil, caloniel, cathartics, How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it, that it never fails to here. A report to General Halleck, at clean the liver and bowels and sweetions to western en the stomach and that a teaspoonful

Ark at the store for a liberat bettle "It is not likely be did," she and of "California Syrup of Figs," which been mere accident which put the of all ages and for grown ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

> The chap with cuffs on his trousers should never criticise the fur on the ladies shoes

> SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampoo ing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing. and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price. \$1.00 - Adv.

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Reitish India's 1914 imports were valued at \$508,000,000.

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The Old Standard Grove's Taxteless thill Tomic is equally valuable as a General Tomic because it contains the well known time properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Maisria, Horiches the Blind and Washie up the Whole System, 45 pects.

Most of us get what we deserve, but few of us are able to recognize it.

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topped the market in that city for quality and price. Western Canada produced in 1915 one-third as much wheat as all of the United States, or ever 300,000,000 bushels.

Canada in proportion to population has a greater surplus of wheat this year than any country in the world, and at present prices you

can ngure out the revenue for the pro-ducer. In Western Canada you will find good marketa, spiendid schools, excep-tional social conditions, perfect climate and other can figure out the revenue for the and other great attractions.

trated pamphiet and sek for reduced railway rates, information as to best locations, etc.

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